

Quid Novi



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ACCORD DU LAC MEECH: DE LA COOPÉRATION À LA CONFUSION...

By Jeanne Cadorette

'Accord du Lac Meech: les politiciens s'en antent, les juristes s'en méfient. Son impact sur la vie des Canadiens est encore très peu prévisible mais il constitue un changement substantiel dans la fédération canadienne.

Le Professeur James R. Mallory du département de sciences politiques de l'Université McGill donnait, dans le cadre des Programmes de culture canadienne, une conférence sur l'Accord du Lac Meech et son impact sur les Canadiens. Le ton de sa conférence laissait déjà présager de ses critiques face à l'Accord.

Selon le Professeur Mallory, l'entente a surtout revêtu une valeur symbolique, celle d'un retour du Québec à l'intérieur de la fédération canadienne. Symbolique puisque la *Loi constitutionnelle de 1982* était applicable à toutes les provinces même si le Québec ne l'avait pas entérinée. L'Accord est aussi le fruit de l'ère de la coopération plutôt que de la confrontation dans les relations fédérales-provinciales. Mais selon l'onseigneur Mallory cette volonté de conciliation du gouvernement fédéral actuel a peut-être nui aux négociations. Au lieu d'agir comme un partenaire désireux de tirer profit d'une entente, le fédéral a plutôt semblé agir comme médiateur entre des provinces qui se sont partagé les parts du gâteau canadien. Selon le conférencier le gouvernement fédéral n'a pas tiré profit de cette entente si ce n'est l'aspect publicitaire de l'événement.

Le Professeur Mallory a essayé de prévoir les conséquences à long terme de l'entente. D'abord l'insertion du caractère distinct de la société québécoise dans la Constitution canadienne. Qui peut vraiment dire ce qu'on entend par société distincte? Seules les décisions des tribunaux pourront permettre d'établir la véritable signification de ce concept plutôt nébuleux. De plus quels seront les effets de la "société distincte" sur l'article 1 de la Charte canadienne des droits et libertés? Interprétera-t-on cette clause différemment au Québec et dans les autres provinces? La Loi 101 par exemple pourrait-elle être réévaluée par les tribunaux comme étant une limitation raisonnable dans une société libre, distincte? Autant de questions qui n'auront pas de réponses avant plusieurs années et

beaucoup de jurisprudence.

Le Québec voulait avoir un droit de regard sur l'immigration et l'a obtenu. Le fédéral décide toujours quels immigrants sont admissibles mais les provinces ont aussi leur mot à dire et peuvent décider quel pourcentage d'immigrants seront "nécessaire" chez elles. Tout ceci était déjà possible grâce à une entente négociée préalablement entre le fédéral et les provinces.

La limitation du pouvoir de dépenser du gouvernement fédéral était aussi un enjeu important des négociations. Selon le Professeur Mallory cette limitation du pouvoir

Suite à la p. 5

SKLAR'S BROKEN ARM — THE TRUTH DISCOVERED

By Mark Segal

Professor Ronald Sklar, sporting a cast on his right arm in recent weeks has had most of us fooled with his tale of a tennis accident. It's been discovered that the accident actually happened at one of the male faculty staff weekly midnight conferences at Chez Paris (for background, see: "Women in the Law—Proprietary Rights in Strippers," Quid Novi, September 30, 1987).

Sklar was the beneficiary of a private table dancer, when a neighbouring hooligan whistled and shouted profanities at his girl. The Professor, who firmly believes in pro-

prietary rights in private table dancers, challenged the man in defence of his property and a fight ensued. When questioned about the incident, Sklar confessed in his poetic Brooklanese, "The guy was 6'4" and of the tattoo, lunchpail, and lottery ticket mentality. I had him in a headlock and I was going to give him a body slam just like I saw Hulk Hogan do when I went to Wrestlemania. However, he flipped me, breaking my arm and damaging my glasses which I keep on having to re-adjust. Thankfully Roddy stepped in to help me clobber the guy. I feel no shame from this injury; I will always fight for the sacred concept of property, especially the right to enjoy the fruits."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

McGILL INTERNATIONAL LAW SOCIETY

General Meeting
Thursday, October 8, 1987
4:00 p.m.
Room 202

MILS will hold a general meeting which will include information for those interested in attending the Annual Canadian Council on International Law Conference to be held in Ottawa on October 15-17.

The topic for this year's conference is Canada-U.S. Relations and International Law. The scheduled programme is posted on the MILS board in the hallway in front of the cafeteria.

Information will be available at the meeting on transportation, housing, costs and available subsidies.

There will also be a quick discussion of the planned programme for MILS this year.

Anyone interested in being on the executive or helping to organize events should attend.

Speaker's Corner

McGILL LAW AND POLICY WORKSHOP

Unless otherwise noted, all workshops will be held at 12 noon in Room 202 at 3644 Peel Street.

Oct. 16 Rande Kostal
 Capitalism in the Lawyer's World:
 English
 Railways and Parliamentary Legal Culture,
 1830-70

Oct. 20 [Conference by Michel Villey at l'Université de Montréal—details to follow]

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

If you are interested in playing or learning how to play hockey, I am starting a pick-up team. This intramural team is not strictly for law students and any gym member is welcome. So far I have eight players and desperately need at least four more to form the team. The deadline for sign-up is October 6th, so please leave your name and phone number for me at SAO today or Tuesday.

Holly Nickel

MEN'S INTRAMURAL "A" HOCKEY

For those interested in playing hockey this year, the tryout date will be posted this week. Keep your eyes open. For more information contact Jerry Apostolatos at 671-7709.

QUID SUBMISSIONS

Our new production schedule is now in effect. Take note that submissions to the *Quid* are to be handed in by noon on Wednesday. The paper will now be coming out on Mondays.

There will be a *Quid* meeting, Wednesday at noon, in the LSA Office.

Drowning at Meech Lake or: On Fire and Promise

David A. Walbridge

Fire is rarely seen
 in this promise land
 where promising flames
 die casually,
 kissing easy reflections
 in pools of cool blue water...

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

The Administration of this faculty has taken a "hard line" with respect to changing examination times to accommodate students' difficulties and has issued a prohibition against registration in courses whose examinations conflict.

This policy, it seems to me, is unnecessarily harsh. In fact, I find it close to inexplicable, and discriminatory.

Why did the Administration adopt this position? In previous years, students were expected to write their examinations when scheduled, but students with medical conditions, family difficulties, or other problems serious enough to prevent them from conforming to the schedule were able to apply to the Administration for permission to write their exams at a different time. From my limited experience, schedule conflicts such as two exams set at the same time or three exams scheduled to be written in two days were resolved as a matter of course. I cannot, search as I might, produce a valid reason for altering the former policy. The Administration retained control of the circumstances in which permission to alter a student's exam schedule would be given and had an opportunity to review each student's case to determine if the reason for the request was sufficiently sincere and serious to merit an exception. I can only conclude that the Administration has decided that giving consideration to individual cases is entirely too burdensome, and that administering examinations at other than scheduled items is an inconvenience too severe to be tolerated.

The Administration's position is unfair. It, not the student, sets the exam schedule. Yet the student, not the Administration, bears the bulk of the burden of the imperfections of that schedule. With the multitude of rules which a student must already obey in selecting courses (streaming, required courses, semi-obligatory courses, and prerequisites, for example), it seems unduly demanding to require that students also choose their courses to accommodate the Administration's exam schedule. Students

Murder-by-Law

VII.

Tracy rushed through the halls already ten minutes late for her class. She had desperately been trying to turn over a new leaf and arrive consistently on time for her classes. It had been a minor success up to now. But Jack had needed her.

He had gone to the law journal office again. He had managed to convince one of the journal underlings to let him sift through McHealth's manuscripts while Tony was out. Unfortunately, Jack had become so caught up in the material that he had stayed much later than was safe. Armado had returned to

select a course on the basis of whether it is required, whether they think it valuable for their future career, and whether they are interested in the subject. No one chooses courses with the goal of creating examination conflicts. To deny a student access to a course because of conflicting exams appears to me to place more value on the Administration's convenience than on the students' education, a result surely inappropriate in an institution of *learning*.

Finally, I might note that the rule against altering examinations applies only to students. Several professors seem to have got, this year and in past years, permission to give take-home exams, exams lasting six hours rather than three and one-half, and exams written at any time during the examination period. I am not suggesting that these exceptions are undesirable, but surely if the Administration's policy is to be firm, it should be firm for all concerned.

I hope that the Administration will reconsider its stance on changes to the examination schedule. Even an Administration must recognize that students are individuals with individual interests and, sometimes, individual problems that merit consideration.

Yours truly,

LESLIE ROSE
B.C.L. IV

the office to find Jack with his mouth agape, poring over the documents. Armado had been furious, and channeled all of his quite considerable strength into rage. Jack had fled before being threaded through a typewriter as promised by the belligerent editor. Tracy had found him pale and breathless fumbling for his key outside the newspaper office. She took the key from his trembling fingers and let him into the office. Cracking open a much needed beer, Jack recounted his story.

"Tracy! Oh Lord. I can't believe it! It's gold," he murmured in a feeble attempt to be articulate. "The manuscripts. Pure poetry. Sale of goods contracts but so beautiful." He took another swig of beer, gasped and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Really, it will revolutionize contract law. It may change the course of the universe. I tell you it's magic. It's like divine messages, so clear yet impassioned on the printed page. Tracy, I hate sale of goods but this was religious."

Tracy, having also studied sale of goods, was highly skeptical. "Are you out of your mind?" she asked politely.

"No, it's true. It's his life's work. It's brilliant. It's the motive. I would kill to own those manuscripts. It must be Armado."

"But Armado will publish them. He's already announced it. Maybe McHealth was about to send them to some other journal. Give yourself a break," admonished Tracy, "You're just going to get yourself into trouble."

Seeing that Jack's colour was returning, Tracy had chosen that time to rush off to class. As she swung panting into the classroom, she felt the icy wave of Professor Whaul's irony freezing her to the spot.

"Miss Field," he enunciated. "Maybe you can answer the question."

Tracy slung herself into a seat. Unfortunately it was next to Doris Lane. Doris

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Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.3

wouldn't help a sick sparrow. She carefully closed her notes so that Tracy wouldn't get any hint of the subject matter.

"Um, what was the question," she inquired demurely.

"Are you hard of hearing, miss? Perhaps you need to sit in the front of the class."

Tracy didn't move. She saw Maurice turn and gesticulate frantically in her direction. He kept miming the act of putting a ring on someone's finger. What a time to propose, thought Tracy.

"Well, Miss Field?"

In her mind, Tracy began dismantling the sympathetic dreamworld she'd created for Whaul. She started by shredding his lush canvasses. She mentally pitched a stone through his skylight for good measure. He seemed unimpressed. Maurice kept repeating his pantomime.

"Partnerships," blurted out Tracy as if she were playing charades.

Whaul looked like a falcon who'd come crashing to earth in a savage dive only to find that his prey had escaped in a rustle of dry leaves. He vindictively aimed a few more barbed questions in her direction. She fielded them adequately, no longer concerned about Whaul. Now she owed Maurice a favour. Oh well, maybe she'd smile at him.

After class, Tracy accepted the congratulations of her friends, avoided Maurice, then allowed herself to be dragged into a stairwell by a pale Lily.

"Oh God, Tracy," she groaned, lighting a cigarette with a trembling but perfectly manicured hand. "I'm going to die."

Tracy paused respectfully, but when her friend was not more forthcoming she prompted her.

"Of what?"

"Oh, Tracy, he's married."

"Who?"

"Lejeune!" Lily cried impatiently. "How could he?"

"The brute," Tracy sympathized.

"I was in his office yesterday. We were just starting delicts when I saw the photograph."

"Maybe it was his sister," offered Tracy helpfully.

"You don't marry your sister," said Lily scornfully. "It was a wedding photo."

"What did you do?"

"I fainted, of course. Then he sent me home in a taxi. That was the worst. Oh I'm going to die."

Tracy allowed the customary moment of silence. "Well, she offers consolingly, 'you have plenty of other admirers to choose from.'"

"Get serious Tracy," said Lily annoyed. "Compared to him they're all just...just...don't know. Toads, or something."

"Maybe if you kiss a toad..." began Tracy appealing to folk culture for assistance.

"Tracy, that's frogs," she uttered scornfully. "It's a different species."

"Sorry."

"It's not your fault," said Lily generously.

"Maybe he's unhappily married."

"God, I hope so."

VIII.

Tanya Hyde was not the world's greatest lecturer. But then, you couldn't really blame her. She was still just an assistant professor and was shunted into some of the least desir-

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LAW PRIZEWINNERS BURSARY FUND/LE FONDS DES LAURÉATS

The feature of life at Chancellor Day Hall which attracts the greatest envy from my fellow Canadian law deans is the vast array

Lac Meech suite de la p. 1

de dépenser dans les champs de compétence provinciale est, pour l'instant du moins, négligeable puisque les revenus du fédéral ne lui permettront pas de mettre en place de nouveaux programmes sociaux à travers le Canada. Mais cette limitation pourrait entraîner des disparités importantes de services entre les différentes provinces dans le futur. De plus, qui décidera que les programmes provinciaux sont incompatibles ou non avec les politiques fédérales? Encore des questions sans réponses qui peuvent avoir un impact certain sur notre vie à tous.

Le choix des juges à la Cour suprême du Canada a aussi été un sujet de discussion entre les premiers ministres. Selon l'Accord les provinces soumettront une liste de noms au Premier Ministre qui décidera ensuite sur la base de ces listes. Le Québec est assuré d'avoir "au moins trois juges" à la Cour suprême. Cela veut-il dire qu'il pourrait en avoir plus advenant une augmentation du nombre de juges à la Cour suprême? Les provinces pourraient-elles ne soumettre qu'un seul nom ce qui obligera le Premier Ministre à nommer cette personne? La Cour suprême deviendra-t-elle un forum où toutes les dissensions entre provinces se feront jour? Le Professeur Mallory a bien sûr vanté la qualité des individus qui forment la Cour suprême actuelle tout en se demandant si une de ces personnes aurait vu son nom apparaître sur la liste du procureur-général d'une province. Le choix des juges à la Cour Suprême a un impact très important sur l'interprétation des lois qui nous régissent et même sur les valeurs qui sous-tendent notre système juridique et social. Pour cette raison le processus de sélection des juges ne peut être aussi incertain qu'il l'est actuellement avec l'Accord du Lac Meech.

La réforme du Sénat suscite beaucoup de discussions actuellement. Elle fait aussi partie de l'entente de 1987. Les provinces pourront soumettre une liste que le Premier

of prizes and scholarships which are awarded each year to students at McGill. In addition to some fifteen renewable entrance scholarships, whose total value is over \$40,000, each spring the Faculty awards about \$100,000 in prizes, fellowships and travelling scholarships. These prizes are distributed to students in all years. Often they are subject-area prizes; sometimes they are prizes for highest standing; occasionally they are fellowships given to graduating students to enable them to pursue further studies.

These awards, some of which date from the turn of the century, have been established and funded for the most part by graduates of the Faculty who wish to recognize and reward scholarly achievement. As my fellow Deans well know, the continuing interest of alumni and alumnae in their *Alma Mater* is one of any Dean's greatest assets.

This past year, a totally new concept for establishing awards in the Faculty was de-

Ministre utilisera pour nommer les sénateurs. Devra-t-on reconstruire le nombre de sénateurs par région pour satisfaire maintenant l'ouest du pays au risque de déplaire au Québec et à l'Ontario? Doit-on donner moins de pouvoirs au Sénat? L'entente n'en dit rien et laisse à notre imagination le soin de prévoir toutes les embûches qui créeront cette réforme du Sénat.

Le gouvernement fédéral a aussi promis qu'une conférence fédéral-provinciale serait tenue tous les ans pour permettre plus de consultation. Ces conférences ont souvent des impacts sérieux sur nos vies mais elles se tiennent toujours derrière des portes closes, là où aucune discussion de notre part n'est entendue.

Selon le Professeur Mallory c'est surtout le processus d'amendement de la Constitution qui sera affecté par l'Accord du Lac Meech. La règle des 2/3 et du 50% de la population de la Loi de 1982 a fait place à la règle de l'unanimité pour amender la Constitution. Pour satisfaire le Québec qui demandait un droit de véto, on l'a accordé à tout le monde.

veloped. At the initiative of one or two prizewinners and a few prize donors last winter, a special new fund was created. This fund, known as the Law Prizewinners Bursary Fund/Le Fonds des Lauréats, will be devoted to financing upper-year student bursaries. Its capital will be built incrementally by the contributions of donors of prizes and prizewinners each year.

This past June, when I was writing letters to inform prize donors of the names of those students who had been awarded the prize of scholarship they had established, I mentioned this new fund to them and sought their permission to direct a small percentage of the unexpended annual endowment income from their prize to this new bursary fund. I received a very enthusiastic response from prize donors, and already the fund has been capitalized sufficiently to permit bursaries to be awarded next year.

At the same time that I wrote to prizewinners

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D'après M. Mallory c'est un fort prix à payer pour rebâtir le climat de confiance entre le Québec et les autres provinces. Ce processus d'amendement ne permettra que des changements mineurs à la Constitution. Sur les sujets importants une province usera toujours de son pouvoir de refuser pour bloquer un amendement qui ne servira pas ses intérêts.

D'après le Professeur Mallory l'Accord du Lac Meech est un triomphe politique concrétisant la réconciliation avec le Québec mais ce triomphe est atteint au prix d'effets à long terme dont nous ne connaissons pas la portée. Pour employer ses termes "le ciel ne nous tombera pas sur la tête demain" mais nous aurons à vivre pour plusieurs décennies avec un système politique dont les erreurs ne pourront facilement être réparées et qui pourrait nous réservé de très mauvaises surprises.

As Professor Mallory said in his interview, "When you plan for a long-term relationship, you don't build it on a one-night-stand kind of deal."

OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED:

Non-legal Careers for Law School Graduates

By Brad Condon

As law students, we read hundreds of short stories, written by judges, that we affectionately refer to as "cases". Some of us arrive at law school having studied creative writing in a prior degree.

This week, the *Quid* profiles a lawyer who has combined creative writing with the stories that a lawyer encounters to come up with a very profitable novel.

Bursary Cont'd from p.5

informing them of their awards, I also invited these recipients to make a contribution of a small fraction of the prize money they received to the Bursary Fund. I am delighted to report that some two dozen students responded to this appeal and that we now have a capital fund in excess of \$8,000, of which about 15% comes from these student donations. What is more, a member of the professorial staff has agreed to match, dollar for dollar, all student contributions to this fund. Because this capital fund will continue to grow each year, even as bursaries are awarded, by the year 2000 we can look forward to a bursary fund capitalized at over a quarter of a million dollars.

To me, this new bursary fund is an extraordinary tribute to the McGill Law Faculty Community. This initiative of former students who are donors of prizes, and present students who are prizewinners working in concert to fund a bursary for needy and meritorious students in the Faculty is unparalleled in Canadian universities. It already has had a very positive impact on efforts to attract additional contributions to help develop our library collection and our visiting speakers' programme, and to purchase new computers for student use. On behalf of those future students at McGill who will be beneficiaries of the bursary I should like to thank every student who made a contribution to the Law Prizewinners Bursary/Le Fonds des Lauréats.

The Beatles sang, "...I need a job so I wanna be a paperback writer..." It appears that a legal education can provide the key to the door that opens into a career as a novelist. Had the Beatles only known...

PART 2: Novelist

(reprinted from *The Globe and Mail*)

Scott Turow is a living reminder that you can take the boy out of the courtroom, but you can't take the courtroom out of the boy.

The jury is already in on *Presumed Innocent*, the finely drawn thriller that Turow spent the last six years writing in his spare time while working as an assistant U.S. Attorney. In the month and a half since its release, it has become a bestseller, with 465,000 copies in print. It has topped the *New York Times* and *Publisher's Weekly* lists. And the book has received almost unanimous critical praise for its sophisticated handling of the story of Rusty Sabich, a prosecuting attorney who sets out to find the killer of a female colleague with whom he has had a torrid affair, only to find himself charged with the murder.

The final verdict on *Presumed Innocent* was in even before the defence presented its case. The manuscript sparked a fierce bidding war among U.S. publishers with offers of advances reaching \$275,000 before Turow accepted \$200,000 from the prestigious Farrar Straus & Giroux house.

The hardcover rights were only a taste of things to come. The bidding for the movie rights, eventually obtained by Sydney Pollack and United Artists, netted another \$1-million U.S. The paperback rights went to Warner Books for \$3-million, a record for a first novel.

There is a touch of sweet irony in the book's financial success. In the early seventies, he spent five years in the creative writing programme at Stanford University, turning to law only after deciding that it was impossible to make a living as a fiction writer in the United States.

That assessment has, of course, turned out to be pessimistic. But Turow's decision to pack up the rejection notices and enter Harvard Law School was an artistic as well as financial boon. His first year at Harvard resulted in a book, *One L*, a chronicle of his passage through freshman law. Published in 1977, the book was well received and sold enough to make Turow famous, as he says "among a very narrow band of people."

Also, his career as a novelist has benefited from his decision to enter the world of statute and torts. Turow's eight years in the U.S. Attorney's office in Chicago, where he won a number of cases involving corruption in the Illinois legal system, are reflected in *Presumed Innocent*'s gritty, realistic portrayal of the process of investigating and prosecuting crimes.

"As a writer, you've got to have something to write about," Turow says of his double life "and I'm obviously very inspired by social milieux. Stanford taught me a lot about writing, but working as a lawyer has given me the knowledge of the law and of criminal procedure. It's also made me understand the effect institutions have on people. I'm a lot less sanguine about human nature than when I graduated from law school. I used to think there were heroes and villains; now I realize that there's a nasty side to everyone."

While law might have given Turow something to write about, it gave him little time to write about it. He began *Presumed Innocent* in late 1979 and, for six years, he wrote whenever he could: on the train, in the evening and on weekends. He created the characters and settings for the novel between 1980 and 1984, scribbling aboard the 8:52 from his home in Wilmette, Ill., to Chicago. *Presumed Innocent*'s stunning and smoothly executed ending was written during a month's vacation in 1984.

Despite the success of *Presumed Innocent*, Turow says he's determined to continue practicing law.

Murder-by-Law

Cont'd from p.4

able courses. This course on food and drugs law was one of them.

It must be hard to teach a course that everyone takes because it's easy credits, mused Tracy. How terribly degrading to complete a Ph.D. only to have to stand up and talk about how much penicillin you can legally stuff into a cow.

The strain was obviously beginning to tell on Professor Hyde. When asked about artificial insemination she ventered her quite considerable wrath on the questioner. It was Maurice. Tracy knew he meant it innocently enough. He had every reason in the world to be interested.

Tracy settled back her chair to muse about the state of her life. This crazy murder business was having a most unsettling effect. Even though she was still reluctant to believe there had beeen a murder, it was starting to affect her school life. Quite against her will she was being labelled as a "detective". Actually, most people pronounced it "trouble-maker." The professors were beginning to look at her with open dislike. Her classmates were laughing at her behind her back. It was nöst unfair, since the whole thing was Jack's idea.

There had been hell to pay over Jack's foray into the sacred journal office. Armado had gone straight to the Dean, and had generously implicated Tracy in the scandal. Jack and Tracy had been promptly summoned to face the wrath of the Rock.

"You little nits!" she hissed as a warm up. "Is our work load to heavy enough that you have time to disrupt the entire pattern of everyday life in this faculty?"

Tracy and Jack both mumbled something about studying.

You are ungrateful. You are receiving this country's finest legal education and you are ingrateful. You are leeches on these grey tone walls. You are vermin in a root cellar. You are snails in the garden."

Tracy and Jack looked uncomfortable.

You are parasites," continued Rock, driving

her point home. "I want you both to stop this disgraceful snuffling in the dirt. Mr. Murray, you are to stop publishing your cretinous little articles immediately."

Jack rather boldly mumbled something about freedom of the press.

"What?!" shrieked the Dean, as the panes on her glass door shattered. "What was that you said?"

"Duty," repeated Jack into his shirt collar. "Charter of Rights and Freedoms."

The Dean drew herself up to her full five feet. "And you, Miss Field?" she addressed to Tracy in an icy tone that foretold danger.

"I uh, I really don't believe this murder stuff at all. I never wanted to get involved, and I agree we should let it drop," confessed Tracy.

"I don't believe you," said the Dean sharply. "I'm sure you're the one who's behind it all. I warn you, Miss Field, we've all had just about enough of your idiot insinuations."

Later in the hallway, they each drew a deep breath of air.

"Look what you got me into," hissed Tracy.

"Me!" exclaimed Jack. "How can you abandon ship like that? Geez. Are you ever a wimp."

If Tracy hadn't been in law school for two years, she would have chosen that moment to realize there was no justice in the world.

The bell rang, drawing Tracy's mind back to the present. As usual she was faced with a blank page instead of several sheets of notes. This was going to be a rough semester. It was a pity. Things had started out so well. In one class early in the term she had actually taken five pages of coherent notes.

As she filed out of the classroom with the other students, Tracy found herself staring into the eyes of the blond man from legal aid. She looked down and tried to move past him, but he stepped back in front of her and pushed some papers into her hand. She dimly recognized them as her own notes from Corporate

Law.

"I just thought I'd return these," he said.

"But...but you didn't borrow them," protested Tracy.

"Lily loaned them to me," he stated. "I hope you don't mind."

"No..." mumbled Tracy as she clutched them in a hand that trembled more than she wanted him to notice. As he moved away, she began hastily scrambling through the loose papers. She wasn't sure what she was looking for. Death threats, possibly. At the touch of a hand on her elbow, she shrieked and jumped.

"I'm sorry!" gasped the startled Maurice.

"Jeepers, you scared me!" cried Tracy too frightened to swear properly. She took a deep trembling breath.

"I just, I wanted, Um. Would you, could you sort of do you want to go to a movie with me on Friday night?"

"Yeah yeah," said Tracy still trying to normalize her breathing.

"Really?" squeaked Maurice. "Wow! Great! Zowie! I'll meet you here at seven, O.K.? Yahoo!" he leapt down the hall leaving Tracy shell-shocked in his wake.

"Tracy, what did you do?" inquired Lily, who had watched the whole scene with wide eyes.

"Oh Hell!" exclaimed Tracy with feeling. "Oh bloody hell. I didn't mean to do that. Jesus."

"Maybe it's your subconscious," offered Lily. "That would be so romantic."

"Tracy glared at her. "Romantic my ass. It's a catastrophe. And it's your fault."

"Mine?" asked Lily innocently.

"Why did you lend my notes to that guy?"

"You mean Bruce? He's awfully cute isn't he?"

Cont'd on p.8

Dear Abby Initio

Dear Abby Initio,

What the good administration giveth with one hand, they apparently taketh way with the other... I am referring to the semi-existent state of interior decor in our Faculty of Law...

Yup—the pit and cafeteria sure look better. But what, pray tell, is happening to the li-

Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.7

"No, he's not. I mean yes he is but he's not. Anyway. You shouldn't have."

"I didn't think you'd mind. He's a transfer student. he missed the first few weeks of class and he needs to catch up. I was just being nice."

"When did he transfer? asked Tracy sharply.

"I don't know. A few weeks ago."

"Before or after McHeath's death?"

"What? I don't know. What a minute. Just before, I think."

"Ha!" posited Tracy informatively.

"You don't think he's the murderer?" asked Lily horrified. "Oh Tracy, he's so cute."

Opportunities Unlimited Cont'd from p.6

"I'm vey proud to be a lawyer. I'm very proud of what was accomplished by the U.S. Attorney's office while I was assistant U.S. Attorney. And I think there are a lot of worthwhile things that remain to be accomplished both in the private and the public sector. I'd like to be part of that."

"On the other hand, I really feel that I owe it to myself to see what I can do as a writer—to discover whether that is a depth or not. Right now I plan to write for an hour and a half every morning before I go to work. Of course, there are the needs of clients and the needs of partners to consider, but I like to think I can strike a balance."

brary. With fear and loathing in my heart, I tell you that it has become veritably...gulp...ugly.

Consider the concrete fillers, now situated where the stairs used to be. Shall they remain the colour of just-poured cement, or be transformed into a titillating shade of sensuous pastel-purple? Why can't the powers-that-be at least cover them in the time-worn shades of legalistic blue, gray or brown carpet? The eye yearns for relief!

Consider the organization for the "meubles." Tables, chairs, boxes and bookshelves have been thrown together hodge-podge, without the slightest regard for the needs or sensitivi-

ties of the relevant using and viewing public

Linearity, continuity and coherence have been shamelessly cast aside. The heart aches. Bile rises. Woe unto the center of our learning. What is to be done?

Eagerly awaiting your reply, I remain,

Ms. Kvetch

Dear Ms. Kvetch,

The Administration is trying to teach you a valuable lesson about law school: the less you study, the better you will do.

Quid

For the benefit of first year students, and for those of you with poor memories, this plea appeared in last year's *Quid Novi*, vol. VII, no. 21.

JOURNAL SKIRMISH ENDS HAPPILY

Would you find out from the *Law Journal* people why I have received no copies after Vol. 31, #1, and ask them to forward the same?

**LYLE CARLSTROM
Edmonton**

The official line was that "the hand-out office is open two hours a day, five days a week for students to pick up their journals" and thus the Quid Probe Quo had been met. Sensitive to the dire predicament of our reader, an informal collection was immediately taken up to pay for the postage and handling of those wayward journals, proving once and for all that the *McGill Law Journal* is not just another bunch of introverted misfits.

Dear Quid Probe:

Further to your submission in the *Quid Novi* dated 25 March, 1971, please accept this as an expression of my most profound, profuse and profluent thanks. The Two Dollars and Thirty One Cents collected on my behalf has

Probe

touched the hearts of my most genteel, guffawing and generous relatives. My family was so moved by your gesture that they have pledged an amount double your contribution for the establishment of a new sporting prize for the McGill Law School.

The award, aptly entitled "The *Quid Novi* and Carlstrom Family Excelling in Curling Award and Trophy", will be awarded in those years in which February 29th falls on a Sunday. The successful applicant must be related to the Carlstrom clan, must have been born within five miles of the Bear Canyon store, and must have graduated from the McGill law school with a very mediocre grade point average. We have appointed the individual who pens the *Quid Probe* as the trustee for the coveted award and applications for the prize should be made personally at his or her residence after 11:45 p.m. on each Sunday evening.

Congratulations are in order for the staff of the *McGill Law Journal* for producing three more dogeared and stained volumes of legal trivia, which any McGill grad would be thrilled to put his/her coffee cup on. And thanks for "proving once and for all that the *McGill Law Journal* is not just another heartless bunch of introverted misfits" but our own special heartless bunch of introverted misfits.

**LYLE D. CARLSTROM
Edmonton, Alberta**